

THE RUTLAND HERALD.

VOLUME 56.

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22, 1850.

NUMBER 32

THE RUTLAND HERALD
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING AT
RUTLAND, VT.
G. H. BRAMAN, Editor & Publisher.
GEO. A. TUTTLE, Printer.

TERMS PER YEAR.
In Advance, \$2.00
In Advance, \$1.75
In Advance, \$1.50

Advertisements are accepted for insertion for \$1
per square (10 lines) for three weeks. 25 cents
per square will be charged for each subsequent
week.

A. E. PALMER, the American Newspaper
Agent, for the sale of the paper, and for
subscriptions, at the rates of \$1.75 and \$1.50
per annum in advance.

NEW YORK, No. 10, Nassau Street.
RUTLAND, N. H., No. 10, Third and
Fourth Streets.
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Fourth Streets.

For the Herald.
SUNNERS.
BY LACRA M. COLVIE.

I
Look upon the scenes my childhood knew,
And light breaks full o'er Memory's misty
dew.

Upon the mountains and the vales I view,
The scenes beyond the years that yield them
true.

The stars are bright to me, the air is balmy,
The moon is shining full o'er Memory's misty
dew.

And when the sun spreads his rays of gold,
And when the moon spreads his rays of gold,
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blacklegs, confederated, and combined
together, for the purposes of burglary,
arson and assassination.

One of their bloody schemes, marked
out and fully determined upon,
was the assassination of William B.

Astor; but some unforeseen circum-
stances occurring, prevented, at the
time, execution; and thus fortunately,

they were robbed of their victim.
Could the city of New York be made
fully acquainted with the secret or-

ganizations, confederacies, and machi-
nations, that had been entered into
and cherished in her own bosom, she

would immediately sound the trumpet
of alarm for her personal safety, nor
rest day or night till her dark cham-

bers and secret dens were completely
rid of these loathsome, deadly ser-
pents in vice and crime.

When Bill was committed to Wind-
sor State prison, he was requested by
the overseer (as is his practice with

all convicts,) to undress and bathe;
this he readily submitted to, and dur-
ing the process, it was discovered

that he carried marks of hard service
quite "strikingly" delineated upon
his back, and when pointed out, he

very facetiously remarked, "they
were only emblems of his honorable
profession."

He is now busily occupied in mak-
ing scythe snaths, and acquires him-
self like a dutiful son. He expressed

at the time of his attack on the State's
Attorney, an ardent wish that he
might live long enough to kill Judge

Poland, Bliss N. Davis, who is the
State's Attorney; William W. Wil-
son, of Boston, who was a witness a-

gainst him, and Mr. Lean Marshall,
who was an accomplice, and turned
State's evidence, and then he should

be quite ready to die; but under
present disabilities, he will hardly
effect his much desired object. He

is now "in" for ten years, and he will
probably be presented to the next
Grand Jury, who will find a bill a-

gainst him, charging him with an
assault with intent to kill the State's
Attorney. This indictment will hang

suspended over him till on or about
the expiration of his present term,
when he will be tried, found guilty,

and sentenced another ten years, as
unfortunately, under the existing
statute of Vermont, that is the extent

of imprisonment for crimes of which
he shall stand charged, but when he
shall have served out his twenty

years, he no doubt will find himself
quite behind the spirit of the age, and
his art and skill in his profession will

be altogether obsolete and unavailing.
Some fears have been expressed lest
he should effect an escape, but under

the vigilance of the prison officers,
there can hardly be the possibility of
such an occurrence; and though the

guardian spirit of his beloved Margary,
with all her "knockings" and
enchantelements, should nightly hover

around him, yet Prometheus like, he
is bound, and all her tender sighs
and delicate wooing will be lost upon

the midnight breeze.

Christian Meadows, his associate
in crime seems to have been born for
better deeds, but under corrupt influ-

ences and vicious associations, he be-
came an efficient and dangerous in-
strument in the hands of his more wily

confederates. He, likewise is an En-
glishman, has served a term of six
years in the Charlestown State Prison

and had acquired considerable celeb-
rity as an engraver. He is a man
full six feet in height, of strong mus-
cular frame, erect in person light com-

plexion blue eyes, light hair, large
aquiline nose, wide mouth and thick
lips, address courteous, and would
hardly be selected for a villain.

He is a man who would probably be
far more easily influenced than influ-
ence others; one who would easily be-

come a ready tool in the hands of oth-
ers, but has not that quick foresight
and cunning sagacity which would en-
able him to plan and lay out a success-

ful bloody work, but when once pointed
out, would diligently pursue the in-
structions of his superiors; hence,

was peculiarly fitted for successful
operations, under the guidance and
adroit experience of Bristol Bill.

But they have both met the fate which
years ago should have overtaken them
and all may hope that a long time
will elapse ere they are permitted a-

gain to curse society with their hell-
ish plots and murderous designs.

VIATOR.

P. S.—Bliss N. Davis has recover-

From the New York Herald of the Times.
SHAM HAYS AND HIS BULLY
RACE.

BY A NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

Some forty years ago, the managers
of a race course near New York, on the
Monongahela, published notice of a

race, one mile heats, on a particular
day, for a purse of one hundred dollars,
"free for anything with four legs, and

hair on." A man in the neighborhood,
named Hays, had a bull that he was in
the habit of riding to mill with his bag

of corn, and he determined to enter
him for the race. He said nothing
about it to any one; but he rode him

around the track a number of times on
moonlight nights, until the bull had the
hang of the ground pretty well, and

would keep the right course. He rode
with spurs, which the bull considered
particularly disagreeable, so much so

that he always bellowed when they
were applied to his side. On the morn-

ing of the race Hays came upon the
ground "on horseback" on his bull. In-
stead of a saddle, he had a dried ox

hide, the head part of which, with the
horns still on, he had placed on the bull's
rump. He carried a short tin horn in

his hand, he rode to the judges' stand
and offered his bull for the race; but
the owners of the horses that were en-

tered objected. Hays appealed to the
terms of the notice, insisting that his
bull had "four legs and hair on," and

that therefore, he had a right to enter
him. After a good deal of "vexation" and
"discussion," the judges declared them-

selves compelled to decide that the bull
had the right to run, and was entered
accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived
the bull and horses took their places.
The horse racers were out of humor at

being bothered with the bull, and at the
burlesque which they supposed was in-
tended, but thought that all would be

over as soon as the horses started, when
the signal was given they did start.—
Hays gave a blast with his horn and

sunk his spurs into the bull's sides, who
bounded off with a terrible bawl, at no
trifling speed, the dried ox hide flapping

up and down and rattling at every
jump, making a combination of noises
that had never been heard on a race

course before. The horses all flew the
track, every one seemed to be seized
with a sudden determination to take

the shortest cut to get out of the race-
course, and not one of them could be
brought back in time to save their dis-

tance. The purse was given to Hays,
under a great deal of hard swearing on
the part of the owners of the horses.

A general row ensued, but the fun of
the thing put the crowd all on the side
of the bull. The horsemen contended

that they were swindled out of the
purse, and if it had not been for Hays'
horn and ox-hide, which he ought not

to have been permitted to bring on the
ground, the thing would not have turn-

ed out as it did. Upon this, Hays told
them that his bull could beat any of
their horses anyhow, and if they would

put up a hundred dollars against the
purse which he had won, he would take
off the ox-hide and leave his tin horn,

and run a fair race with them. His
offer was accepted and the money stak-

ed. They again took their places at
the starting post, and the signal was
given. Hays gave the bull another

touch with his spur and the bull gave
another tremendous bellow. The horses
remembered the horrible sound, and

thought all the rest was coming as be-
fore. Away they went again, in spite
of all the exertions of their riders,

while Hays galloped his bull around
the track again and won the money.—
From that time they nicknamed him

Sham Hays. He afterwards removed
to Ohio, but his nickname stuck to him
as long as he lived.

LAST WORDS OF EMINENT
MEN.

The last words of Gen. Taylor re-
call to mind reminiscences of the last
words of other eminent men, which

might be considerably added to. Na-
poleon expired amid the raging of a
whirl wind. His last words were—
"Tete d'armee." Saladin in his last

illness, instead of his usual standard,
ordered his shroud to be uplifted in front
of his tent; and the herald who dis-
played his winding sheet as a flag, was

commanded to exclaim aloud, "Behold,
this is all which Saladin, the vanquish-
er of the East, carries away of all his

conquests." The last words of Sir Wal-

ter Scott to Lockhart were, "Be a good
man, for if you do not you will feel it
when you come here." The dying

Wolfe, hearing of the flight of the
French, exclaimed, "I die contented."
The curate of St. Sulpice asked the ex-

piring Montesquieu, "Sir, are you truly
conscious of the greatness of God?"
"Yes," was the answer of the departing

philosopher, "and of the littleness of
man." The heroic Lawrence, perished
amid the thunders of the engagement

between the ill-fated Chesapeake and
the British frigate Shannon, exclaimed
"Dot give up the ship." Sir Richard

Grenville having fought his single ship
against a large fleet, until the vessel
was overwhelmed by the fearful odds

and himself mortally wounded, sum-
moned his victors to bear testimony to
his good conduct and exclaimed "Here

die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful
and quiet mind, for that I have ended
my life as a true soldier ought to do,

fighting for his country, religion and hon-
or." When the Marquis de Montrose
was taken and condemned to die, and

his head and limbs to be severed and

hanged in public places in different
towns, "I wish," said he, "I had flesh en-
ough to be sent to every city in Chris-

tendom, as a testimony to the cause for
which I suffer." Sir Henry Vane, when
condemned to die, exclaimed,

"Ten thousand deaths to me, ere I will
stain the purity of my conscience." "Is
there anything on earth I can do for

you?" said Taylor to the satirical buff-
oon, Dr. Wolcott, "Give me back my
youth," was the sad reply. "Oh, that I
might live!" was the dying wish of the

patriot Quincy, as he came in sight of
Massachusetts, "Oh that I might live to
render to my country one last service!"
The last words of Gen. Harrison were,

as though he fancied himself address-
ing some official associate in the gov-
ernment, "Sir, I wish you to under-

stand the true principles of the govern-
ment. I wish you to carry out. I ask nothing
more." "I have always done my duty.

I am ready to die. My only regret is
for the friends I leave behind me." These
were the sublime words, indicating a

mind conscious of rectitude—a spirit
ignorant of fear, and a heart full of
affection, with which the great and

good Taylor was gathered to his
fathers.

BANGS ON DISUNION.

Bangs gave a dinner the other day to
several of his Southern friends, who
were on a visit to the "Old Bay State";

and after the cloth was removed the
wine circulated freely, when a hot
Southern State Rights' man and an ultra

Free Soiler entered into a very
warm discussion.

"I contend for the rights of the South,"
said the Southerner; "we have a right
to take our slaves to California if

we want to, without asking the North
anything about it, sir."

"Well, sir, I admit that, but then
you say you don't want to take them
there," replied the Free Soiler.

"Yes, but the North says we shall
not, sir."

"But, sir, the people of California
themselves have decided the question,
and they say they don't want slavery."

"Who cares for the people of Cali-
fornia, sir? they have no right, sir, to
make a constitution."

"But, sir, if you say you don't want
to take your slaves there, and that the
country is not adapted for them, what

is the use of contending for a thing of
no practical utility?"

"That's not the question, sir; it's the
right I contend for, sir. The North has
no right to draw lines for us, sir, or to

say what we shall do, or what we shall
not do, and I—me, by this course you
will drive us to disunion, sir."

"Well, sir, the South has no right to
dictate to the North, sir, and, dang me,
if we will stand it, and you may dissolve

just as soon as you please, sir."

The good natured Bangs here inter-
ferred, and said—

"Come, come, gentlemen, I really be-
lieve you are about to quarrel. Now let
me settle the controversy by telling you
a little story."

"Story, story, Bangs story," bellowed
a gentleman at the other end of the
table.

"Well," said Bangs, "I recollect
when a boy, in harvest time, two of the
field hands had laid down, about noon,

when a boy, in harvest time, two of the
field hands had laid down, about noon,
under the shade of some trees, when

Tom said to Joe, looking up at the
clouds—

"Joe, if that cloud up there was all
land, I'd build my house on that end of
it, and put the other end in pasture for

sheep."

"No you wouldn't either," said Joe,
"I'd build on the other end myself."

"But I wouldn't let you," said Tom.
"I wouldn't ask you though," said
Joe.

"But if you came on my land, I'd
lick you," said Tom.

"It isn't your land though," said Joe,
"and I have as much right to it as you
have."

"I'll be whipt if you have," said
Tom, and the two men then clenched
elbows, and after a hard fight, Tom said—

"Let's quit, Joe; the land don't be-
long to either of us, and is only a white
cloud after all."

"Agreed," said Joe; "what fools we
were to fight about it at the start."

Bangs' story produced a hearty laugh,
the two gentlemen laughed glasses, and
agreed that Bangs had settled the ques-

tion.

A HORRID STORY—FLAYED ALIVE.
A statement was copied into the news-
papers sometime ago, that a man be-

longing to a party bound for California,
having declared that he would shoot the
first Indian that he met, deliberately

shot a squaw, and being taken by a
party of Indians, was skinned alive.—
The report was subsequently contra-

dicted. Notwithstanding this, the
Bangor Mercury says, that a letter has
been received from one of the party in
which was a company bound to Cali-

fornia overland giving the details of his
crime and its punishment in the manner
stated. Soon after this cold bloody

murder of the squaw, the party, about
20 in number, was surrounded by 300 In-
dians, and threatened with instant death

unless they disclosed the perpetrator of
the atrocious deed. After consulting
together, they determined to point out

the murderer, who was at once seized
by the Indians, bound to a stake and
his skin peeled off from him even to his

bones. The operation lasted two hours,
and the victim survived two hours after
it. The company among whom was his

own brother, were compelled to form a
ring round the stake and witness the
terrible torment of the wretched man.

Four or five of the party, and among
them the one who called down upon
himself such a terrible punishment, went

from Troy in the State of Maine.—
Portland Argus.

AN EXCITING SLAVE CASE.—A
Washington correspondent of the N.
Y. Express gives the following chapter
for a history of slavery:

"The runaway slaves have been so
numerous of late, in these parts, under
the instigations of the abolitionists here

and elsewhere, that the owners of this
species of property have become very
much alarmed, and hence are disposed

to remove them to safer parts of the
United States, or to sell them to slave
traders. A cruel incident of this kind

is exciting great sympathy here at
present. The family of William Wil-

liams, the coachman of Presidents Polk,
Taylor and Fillmore, were suddenly,
on Friday morning, seized by a slave

trader, and taken from their homes, in
this city, off to Baltimore, to be sent to
New Orleans. His wife, over fifty

years of age, three daughters and three
grand children, were thus snatched from
him in an hour, to a fate worse to him

than death, to be sold South to the
highest bidder, and separated from him
each other. The poor man wrung his

hands, rolled on the ground, was nearly
crazed in fact, by the dreadful parting.
After many years' toil, he very recently

purchased his own freedom, but his family
were owned by some one in New Orleans.
The President feeling deeply for his distress,

gave him money and let him go to Baltimore,
to see them again. Williams found the
trader would take the sum of \$3,000

for them, and returned with the hope
of raising that amount here to redeem
them. A petition was drawn up, and to-day

circulated about the city and
House of Representatives, setting forth
the facts, and asking for assistance,

which was so promptly rendered, that
the prospect is in the language of Wil-